THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

POESY.

Ode on the Prospect of Eton College.

MR. WAKEFIELD has entered into a general reply to the strictures of Dr. Johnson upon this ode.

The Prospect of Eton College, says Dr. Johnson, *suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel.*

By this confession, then, the *sentiments* are *natural*, and consonant to the feelings of humanity; and surely this property is no discredit to any composition, but, on the contrary, the greatest recommendation of it. What indeed is poetry, but an ornamental delineation of *natural objects* and of *human passions?* The only remaining question then, is this, Whether Mr. Gray has given this exhibition with perspicuity of method, and in elegant, intelligible, and expressive language? And this, I think, no man will have the effrontery to dispute.

Our critick proceeds: "His supplication to father Thames to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself."

Just so, when Virgil invokes the river and Arethusa to aid his last pastoral song:

Extremum hunc, Arethusa mihi concede laborem,

we might say, This invocation of Arethusa is *puerile* and *useless*. She could not hinder him from writing this pastoral if he chose, nor give him assistance if he did write it.

Or, when we read those elegant verses in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*,

At vos, qui Oetonæ colitis composque virentes,
Frondentesque simul silvas, felicia rura!
Dicite (vos et amant Musæ, et vos carmina nostis)
Dicite (vicino nam vestros alluit agros
Numine) quos crebò gemitus dabat inclytus amnis;
Edidit infelix quæ tunc lamenta sub undis.

But ye, who Eton's verdant plain frequent,
And groves umbrageous, happy soil! tell, ye,
O tell, ye highly favour'd of the nine!
What sighs, what groans sent forth the neighb'ring stream,
What lamentations from his oozy bed.

If we were desirous of being ridiculous and absurd, we might remark, that this inquiry into the groans and lamentations of father Thames was foolish and of no use. Of no use, because they knew no more of the matter than the poet knew; and foolish, because father Thames neither groaned nor lamented at all on this occasion.

'Indeed, the very attempt to refute such execrable criticism, were an insult to the taste and understanding of the reader, if the character of its authour might not possibly give it credit.

"His epithet, buxom health, is not elegant; he seems not to understand the word."

'The primitive meaning, to be sure, seems to have been *obsequious* or yielding; but the Doctor bears witness against himself, when he explains this term by *gay*, *lively*, *brisk*, from Crashaw; and by *wanton*, *jolly*, from Dryden.

"Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more removed from common use."

'Indeed! and I will venture to maintain, that this rule in general will be no bad criterion of poetick language, if it be not carried to the excesses of obscurity and tumour. Horace was of the same opinion, who excluded his *sermoni propria* from the claim of poetry for this very reason, and makes the *os magna sonaturum*, lofty *expression*, remote from the familiarity of common conversation and popular phraseology, to be the essence of poetry, and indeed characteristick of it. The MORAL *taste*, I presume which occurs, in the simple narration of Milton's subject, is very remote from common use: But is it not poetical? And could it be otherwise flattened into prose than by the substitution of some familiar and frigid epithet?

"Finding in Dryden, *honey redolent of spring*, an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making *gales* to be redolent of *joy* and *youth*."

That elegant, luminous, and magnificent diction which gives Mr. Gray the superiority, in point of language, over all other poets, Dr. Johnson could neither relish in others nor attain himself. No man ever exceeded in sublimity his lines on Shakspeare:

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

But his poetical pieces, were they rigorously examined, would be found to consist of language seldom elevated, often harsh and mean, and commonly prosaick. He might be capable of producing—

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

But this were far beyond his powers—

But not to one, in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given
That burnt in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page;
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

In short, he had the *thoughts that breathe*; but by no means the *words that burn*.

It were rash to attempt the defence of Mr. Gray's *originality*. He alternately embellished and ennobled what he borrowed; but he did borrow. A recent and very excellent edition of his poems, in which, among other commendable points, care has been taken to collect whatever important communications, concerningthose poems, have appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, and other respectable Journals, contains a note in which is discovered the original of the entire plan of this poem. We would by no means be thought to take from the reputation of Mr. Gray by producing proofs of his want of originality; for, though to *copy* is certainly not to *invent*, much might be said upon Dr. Johnson's proposition, that to copy is *less* than to invent.

'It has been well remarked by a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. LXVIII, p. 481, that for this beautiful and affecting ode, we may have been indebted to the following passage in Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton:

'How useful was the advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far

experimentally true, that now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares; and those to be enjoyed when time, which I therefore thought slow-paced, had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me, that these were but empty hopes; for, I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretel, *sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.* Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreation, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.

The play of The Tempest, which has been, during the whole of the summer in preparation, was last night produced at this theatre, with much of novelty in scenery and decoration. It was not the original play of Shakspeare, nor was it exactly the mutilated play of Dryden; but we think the managers would have more effectually served themselves and gratified the publick by the primitive Tempest of Shakspeare, than by the selection which they have now presented.

In Shakspeare's Enchanted Island the audience are held in a kind of enchantment, by the same spells with which Prospero rules his little kingdom. The fooleries of Stephano and Trinculo take off the attention, for a short time, from the wonderful events which form the great incidents of the piece. Miranda expresses her emotions at the sight of Ferdinand with a refinement natural to her character. She falls in love with him at first sight; but in her love there is nothing of grossness or coquetry. The Tempest, however, as altered by Dryden is of a very different nature. Miranda, and the new character they introduce of Dorinda (her sister), seem utter strangers to the refined sympathy of "Shakspeare's Miranda," but are merely led by the sexual impulse to wish to marry the first men they see. Another character is introduced: Hyppolito, (who has never seen woman before), and is also, as may be supposed, wonderfully enamoured of them. Miranda and Dorinda grow jealous of one another, and quarrel on the stage; and all that trifling (with which the audience appeared much disgusted) spoils entirely the grand effect which Shakspeare's Tempest is calculated to produce. It necessarily happens, that those who wish to improve upon Shakspeare mangle or degrade him. A Miss Meadows made her *debut* in the character of Ariel, a part to which she seemed perfectly competent, and in which, through the whole, she displayed such talent, powers, and graceful ease of action, as leave no doubt of her proving a most valuable acquisition to the stage. Her voice unites sweetness with strength; and in some of the airs she was rapturously encored. Her figure is exquisitely neat and elegant, and the general system of her countenance is regular, winning, and expressive. Most of the other prominent characters were very ably sustained. Mr. Kemble was every thing the part of Prospero required; but there are in it none of those abrupt bursts of violent passion, that give room for the display of his higher energies. Munden and Fawcett strongly tinctured their parts with their characteristick whim and humour; and Emery was horribly excellent in the monster Caliban. Notwithstanding the interest which the exertions of Miss Brunton and Mrs. C. Kemble so generally excite, they seem to fail upon this occasion to make their usual impression: their innocence was rather too quaint; their simplicity too insignificant.—Some persons in the Pit expressed their disapprobation. This was the only interruption the performance experienced.

We should not forget the merits of the Overture, which is by Mr. Davy, and which was universally applauded. Equal praise is due to the authours of the scenery and machinery, which is most striking—exhibited more especially in the representation of the storm, and the agitation of the billowy sea.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We frequently have noticed with pleasure and pride the rapid improvements made in the execution of Printing Work in the United States, particularly in Philadelphia. Among other works which have recently issued from the press in this city, we have been gratified on an inspection at Mr. West's Book-store, of an edition, (the first in America) of Cruden's Complete Concordance of the Holy Scriptures, printed the present year by Kimber, Conrad & Co. This edition, which, we are informed, has been executed at an expense of ten thousand dollars, is printed with American types and ink, on American paper; and we can confidently state, from an examination, in a style of typo-

graphy which has put every European edition of the same work, at an immense distance. We are told also that it greatly excels in correctness of reference.

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BURKE'S WORKS.

We are happy in learning, that an edition of the works of the celebrated orator and statesman, BURKE, is in the press, in Boston.—These works contain those great principles of government, which the experience of past ages, and particularly the present age, has stamped as immutably correct. Every young man who wishes to form his political opinion on a basis which all the winds and waves of Democracy cannot remove, must read Burke.—Besides the correctness of his political maxims, there are innumerable rich veins of elocution running through all his works, which cannot fail to delight and instruct the mere scholar.—To this fact we need no better witness than the chaste and classick Cumberland.—He says—"I conceive there is not to be found in all the writings of my day, perhaps I may say not in the English language, so brilliant a cluster of fine and beautiful passages in the declamatory style as we are presented with in Edmund Burke's inimitable tract upon the French Revolution. It is most highly coloured and most richly ornamented; but there is elegance in its splendour, and dignity in its magnificence. The orator demands attention in a loud and lofty tone; but his voice never loses its melody, nor his periods their sweetness. When he has roused us with the thunder of his eloquence, he can at once, Timotheus-like, choose a melancholy theme, and melt us into pity: There is grace in his anger, for he can inveigh without vulgarity; he can modulate the strongest bursts of passion; for even in his madness there is musick.

[*Eastern paper.*

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

—

An Irish lad, one Jemmy Crane,
Who fear'd nor cold, nor wind, nor rain,
As jolly lad as e'er eat pork,
A genuine Paddy, just from Cork,
Was travelling and he held his course
On foot, because—he had no horse;
When presently, a reverend Daddy,
On horseback, met our jovial Paddy.
Pat. hails him, and devoid of fear,
Cries "friend, I'm glad to see you here;
"And, without bustle or parade,
"I wish with you to make a trade."
"What trade? propose," enjoins the man;
"I will oblige you if I can."
"Why," Pat. rejoins brim full of glee,
"I wish to swap horses d'ye see."
With anger sparkling in his eyes,
"You have no horse," the man replies.
"But," answer'd Paddy, with a hop,
"Suppose I had one, how'd you swap?"

—

Died, lately at Paris, M. Retif de la Bretonne, in the 72d year of his age. This copious authour wrote more than 100 volumes, which met with success. He had been a journeyman printer, and it is said he *set up* one of his works without having ever *written it*.—[We have a similar instance in the *composition* of a very admirable work in this country, the "Illustration of Masonry." The ingenious authour was also a journeyman printer, and he set up the entire volume for the press, without having previously written any part of it.]

—

THE SONG
OF GEORGE BARNWELL.

George Barnwell stood at the shop door,
A customer hoping to find, sir,
His apron was hanging before,
But the tail of his wig was behind, sir:
A lady all painted and smart,
Cried, sir I've exhausted my stock o'late,
I've got nothing left but a gr'at—
Will you give me sixpenn'oth of chocolate?

Her face was roug'd up to her eyes,
Which made her grow prouder and prouder,
His hair stood an end with surprise,
And hers with pomatum and powder.
The business was soon understood—
The lady who wish'd to be more rich,
Said sweet sir, my name is Millwood,
And I lodge at the gunsmith's at Shoreditch.

Now often he stole out, good lack,
And into her lodgings would pop, sir;
But as often forgot to come back,
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir.
This woman his wits did bereave,
He determin'd to be quite the crack o'
So he loung'd at the Adam and Eve,
And he call'd for his gin and tobacco.

And now—but the truth must be told—
Tho' few of a 'prentice can speak ill,
He took from the till all the gold,
And stole the lump sugar and treacle.

In vain did his master exclaim,
Dear George don't engage with that dragon,
She'll bring you to trouble and shame,
And leave you the devil a rag on.

In vain he rebukes and implores,
This weak and incurable ninny;
So he turn'd him at once out of doors,
And George soon had spent his last guinea.
His uncle, whose generous purse
Had often reliev'd him as I know,
Now finding him grow worse and worse,
Refus'd to come down with the rhino.

Then said Millwood, whose cruel heart's core,
'Twas so cruel that nothing could shock it,
If you mean to come home any more,
You must put some more cash in your pocket.
Make Nunky surrender his dibbs,
Wipe his pate with a pair of lead towels,
Or stick a knife into his ribs—
I warrant he'll then show more bowels.

A pistol he got from his love,
'Twas loaded with powder and bullet,
And he trudg'd up to Camberwell grove,
But he wanted the courage to pull it.
There's Nunky as fat as a hog,
While I am as lean as a lizard—
Now I'll come to the point you old dog,
And he whipp'd a long knife in his gizzard.

Now ye who attend to my story,
A terrible end of this farce shall see,
If you'll join the inquisitive throng
That follow'd poor George to the Marshalsea.
If Millwood was here, dash my wigs
Says he, I would pummel and limb her well,
Had I stuck to my prunes and my figs
I ne'er had stuck Nunky at Camberwell.

The case to the jury was plain,
The news spread thro' every ale-house—
At the sessions in Horsemonger lane
They both were condemn'd to the gallows.
With Millwood, George open'd the ball,
Dear, dear, how we wept, Mrs. Crump and I,
To see them dance upon nothing at all,
And cut capers before all the company.

—

When our Cits make a fortune sufficient to enable them to retire, their line of business may be traced in their country houses.—The grocer's box resembles a *cannister or tea-chest;* the sugar baker's a *cone;* the tailor's hedges are clipped with *shears;* the bookseller's doors are in *folio*, his dining windows in *quarto*, his bed-chamber windows in *octavo*, and his garret ones in *duodecimo;* the tobacconist, if his chimnies *smoke*, is indifferent about the rest.

It were endless to compliment where compliments are so frequently due.—The following lines are from the pen of one of the best poets of Petersburg.

TUNE—*The Humours of Glen.*

How sweet on the mountains, when heath bells are growing,
To wander and list to the busy wild bees;
Or stray through the grove where the wild flowers are blowing,
And catch the rich odours that float on the breeze!
Tho' sweet be the breeze from the bosom of roses,
Enchanting the hum of wild bees on the hill,
O Mary, my Mary, far sweeter than those is,
Far purer than dew-gems that shine o'er the rill.

Nor the glow of the pink nor the snow of the lily,
Can match her soft cheek—O the beam of her eyes!
When she flies on the wings of a sylph thro' the valley,
To glad the poor cottage where misery lies.
O daughter of beauty, compassion's fair blossom!
Can pity, soft pity alone thy heart move?
O come and repose thy young cares in my bosom;
I'll cherish them there till they bloom into love.

—

A certain lady, of unsuspected conjugal fidelity towards a husband to whom she had borne *six* children, gave the name of *Gratis* to a daughter with which she was favoured a few years after his decease. A person remarked upon the incident, that however some might reflect on the widow, for his part he thought her excuseable—that, in his idea, having *subscribed* and faithfully accounted for *six* she was undoubtedly *entitled* to the *seventh* GRATIS.

—

PROLOGUE

To the Comedy of

MAIDS AND BACHELORS; OR MY HEART FOR YOUR'S.

Written by Lumlie St. Geo. Skeffington, Esq.
Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

Let truth's clear eye, to equity resign'd,
Mark ev'ry fear that agitates the mind,
Search those conceal'd, examine those confess'd,
And meet the greatest in an authour's breast
This night is fated to an anxious bard,
Whose diffidence solicits your regard.

Though whisp'ring hopes first urg'd his trembling lyre,
Those hopes alas! now one by one retire;
For apprehensions, crowding on his view,
Wake ev'ry doubt, and ev'ry wish pursue:
Nor flattery, nor comfort will he hear:
The terrours thicken as the doom draws near.
The drama's muse should, like a painter trace
Each mark'd expression of the human face;
Group'd with effect, the imitated show,
With force should strike, with animation glow;
Till touch'd by energy, in ev'ry part,
The finish'd figures from the canvass start!
Few can excel; since few can well imprint
The living lustre and the blushing tint,
Which fairly seem, when drawn from nature's bent—
That very nature, which they represent,
The tow'ring freedom of a bold design,
In warmth should breathe, in liberty refine;
While lights and shades a mingling aid compose,
Softened by these, and spirited by those:
Though bright, not glaring—though subdued, not cold;
Gay, without glitter—without harshness, bold.
Rules still should guide, yet no restraint impart:
Art follows genius—genius governs art.
One little happiness, one careless touch,
Trancends all labours, when it serves as such:
Nature, and only nature, can inspire
Strength, freedom, taste, the fancy and the fire!
In her they live, in her their force declare—
Arrest the heart, and fix an empire there!
Our trembling artist, who enslav'd by fear,
This slight sketch sends for exhibition here,
Attempts to mark (though conscious of defect)
Contrasted passions, and combined effect.
If he too daring, want the skill to reach
Those nobler lines which taste, which science teach,
Fail not to recollect, ye critick band,
That style, when mingled, asks a master's hand.
Hard is the task with Tenier's mirth to share
Correggio's elegance, and Guido's air!
On you he rests.—If aggravated taste
Condemn with rigour, or reject with haste,
His brightest tints will darken to a shade,
Like crayons moulder, and like fresco fade;
But should applause a happier sentence give,
Fix'd by your smiles the colouring will live!

—

FRAUD.—A middle-aged decent looking man went to the shop of a coal dealer in Cross-street, Hatten-garden, one evening last week, and ordered a bushel of coals with change for a two pound note, to be sent to a certain house, which order was complied with; but as the person carrying the coals was on his way, he was met by the same person who took the change, and gave in return a paper, of which the following is a copy:—

No. No.

I promise to pay to Monsieur Buonaparte, or Bearer, two-pence, when the Gallick Flag shall triumph over the British, and the French become the Masters of the Sea.

London, the 17th day of November, 1802.

For SELF, ST. VINCENT, DUNCAN, NELSON, & Co.

Pence **Two**

JOHN BULL.

Entered, Ben Broadside.

—

THE FOWLER.

A careless, whistling lad am I,
On sky-lark wings my moments fly;
There 's not a fowler more renown'd
In all the world—for ten miles round!
Ah! who like me can spread the net?
Or tune the merry flageolet:
Then, why O! why should I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd nightingale,
The bullfinch, wren, and woodlark, all
Obey my summons when I call:
O! could I form some cunning snare
To catch the coy, coqueting fair,
In Cupid's filmy web so fine,
The pretty girls should all be mine!

When all were mine,—among the rest,
I 'd choose the lass I lik'd the best,
And should my charming mate be kind,
With her I 'd tie the nuptial knot,
Make Hymen's cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife.

—

REPARTEE.

One day a justice much enlarg'd
On industry—while he discharg'd
A thief from jail.—"Go, work, he said;
"Go, pry'thee, learn some *better* trade,
"Or, mark my words you 'll rue it."
"My trade 's as *good*," replies the knave,
"As any man need wish to have;
"And if I don't succeed, d 'ye see,
"The fault, sir, lies with *you*—not me—
"You *won't let me pursue it!*"

—

QUEER PUN.—A *Bacchanalian* Candidate offering for a country borough, the electors unanimously agreed that he was a very proper man to *support*.

EPILOGUE

To the New Comedy of Adrian and Orrilla,

Spoken by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Now one confusion through the Realm is found,
And noise and clamour every where abound,
And every Freeman feels his conscious weight,
And Joan herself is as my lady great.
I come to canvass you; Box, Gallery and Pit,
For you return our Parliament of Wit;
Whilst here in Covent-Garden still a hustings stands,
And Sheriff MATTOCKS asks—a show of hands,
For a young Candidate (though not untried)
But in whose gratitude you may confide;
Who vows and swears, return him due elected,
Your right, your laws shall ever be respected;
In short, he promises—but who minds that,
All Members promise—therefore, *verbum sat.*
I'll to my canvass then—What shall I say?
"Your votes and interest, kind Electors, pray." (*bows*)
Let him but head the Poll this night, and I'll be bound
No farther opposition will be found;
For in this town, we know, nine tenths (the elves)
Ne'er take the pains of voting for themselves.
First then, accept my—no I musn't so begin,
I musn't bribe, your suffrages to win.
First with the young men, then, my luck I'll try,
(I always pity young men, they're so shy)
Sweet modest youth—Hey! what's this I see?

Enter Miss Brunton, running.

Miss BRUNTON.

Nay, leave the young men, governess to me.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

What, interrupted!—shall I not be heard.

Miss BRUNTON.

I mean no interruption, on my word,
But merely think, I'd plead with greater truth
To youthful hearts the cause of kindred youth.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Indeed, Miss Prate-apace! then pray pass on!
I trust each vote already here 's my own
Unless you 'd wish our votes to split—

Miss BRUNTON.

Agreed—
I care not how, provided we succeed.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Take then the young ones, forward fellows bold
(Not that I ever tried them—but am told)
And on the score of long acquaintance, mine 's the old,
Kind friends, who 've all (like me) been young, in turn.

Miss BRUNTON.

Ye Youth, whose breasts with love and ardour burn,
Give him your interest, cherish rising merit,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

(To stand a canvass now requires some spirit)
And as the Poet says, "you Freemen little know
"The rubs the Candidate must undergo."

Miss. BRUNTON.

He would have waited on you here this night,
But he's so timid—

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Lord! he's in a fright.

Miss. BRUNTON.

Let us then hope, divested of control,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

(We only trust you'll not demand a poll)
But do it handsomely, and give him plumpers,

Miss BRUNTON.

His thanks we'll here proclaim, each night, in bumpers.
True to yourselves, yet free from disaffection,
You'll thus assert your freedom of election;

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

While posts and chronicles shall herald him tomorrow,
"Duly return'd for Covent-garden borough."

—

Government is deeply interested in every thing which, even through the medium of some temporary uneasiness, may tend finally to compose the minds of the subject, and to conciliate their affections. I have nothing to do here with the abstract value of the voice of the people. But as long as reputation, the most precious possession of every individual, and as long as opinion, the great support of the state, depend entirely upon that voice, it can never be considered as a thing of little consequence either to individuals or to government. Nations are not primarily ruled by laws; less by violence. Whatever original energy may be supposed either in force or regulation, the operation of both is, in truth, merely instrumental. Nations

are governed by the same methods, and on the same principles, by which an individual without authority is often able to govern those who are his equals or his superiours; by a knowledge of their temper, and by a judicious management of it; I mean,—when publick affairs are steadily and quietly conducted; not when government is nothing but a continued scuffle between the magistrate and the multitude; in which sometimes the one and sometimes the other is uppermost; in which they alternately yield and prevail, in a series of contemptible victories, and scandalous submissions. The temper of the people among whom he presides ought therefore to be the first study of a statesman. And the knowledge of this temper is by no means impossible for him to attain, if he has not an interest in being ignorant of what it is his duty to learn.—*Burke.*

—

VERSES

Written among the ruins of Shelburne, Nova-Scotia, Barracks.

Mark, where yon ample roofs, now sinking all
In shapeless ruin, seem prepar'd to fall:
As the wild tempest through the casement pours
And floods autumnal drench the mould'ring floors—
Or loosen'd plaster from the ceiling falls,
While echo then resounds along the walls:
While the shrill winds around the fabrick sing,
Where Desolation cow'rs with sombrous wing,
And pensive Silence, musing o'er the scene,
Suspends her step, the pausing blasts between.

Are these the domes that held the warriour train—
The gallant band that fill'd yon spacious plain!
That level plain, that form'd a long parade:
Now, by the ploughshare turn'd, and toiling spade,
Where glitter'd once, in rows, the beaming spears,
Oft the ripe harvest waves its yellow ears;
And where the loud *reveillez* wak'd the day,
The lonely redbreast trills his matin lay.

No more the echoing gun proclaims the dawn,
Or tells the radiant orb of day withdrawn.
The loud impetuous drum no more we hear;
Nor the shrill fife, pervade the attentive ear.
No longer now across the wave is borne,
The mellow musick of the deep-ton'd horn;
When Silence hover'd o'er the glassy stream,
When glitter'd on its breast the moon-light beam;
Sweet rose the sounds in air, and softly stole,
O'er the charm'd senses, to the inmost soul.
As swell'd the notes—then gradual sunk again,
Enamour'd Echo caught the dying strain;
By distance soften'd every silver tone.
And Night, enchanted, made them all her own.

—

When a lady of *ton* is indisposed *a-la Catalini* the fashionable phraseology is that "*she is out of tune!*"

—

Monk Lewis's new Melo-drama, at Drury-Lane, is reported to contain sixteen *ghosts;* of course it must prove a very *spirited* production.

—

"Dr. Johnson threw together the substance of his Latin epitaph on Goldsmith into the more compressed form of a Greek epigram.—These lines, and his translation of a noble passage in the Medea of Euripides, which has been frequently in vain attempted, are not sufficiently known. They are not printed with his works, although the latter is as successful as any thing he has left us,

"Thou seest the tomb of Oliver; retire,
Unholy feet, nor o'er his ashes tread,
Ye whom the deeds of old, verse, nature, fire,
Mourn nature's priest, the bard, historian, dead."

—

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

When my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
What indifference stood at each gate.
The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd
Show'd a different aspect to me,
And when I could nought but indifference find,
I hied once again to the sea.
I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
To bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle alas! was my store.
A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw,
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.
The sea was less troubled, by far, than my mind,

For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade.
And I vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds, and the billows could show
More kindness than they did to me.

—

The Lazzaroni, or black-guards, form a considerable part of the inhabitants of Naples; and have, on some well-known occasions, had the government for a short time in their own hands. They are computed at above thirty thousand; the greater part of them have no dwelling-houses, but sleep every night under porticos, piazzas, or any kind of shelter they can find. Those of them who have wives or children, live in the suburbs of Naples, near Pausilippo, in huts or in caverns, or in chambers dug out of that mountain. Some gain a livelihood by fishing, others by carrying burthens to and from shipping; many walk about the streets, ready to run on errands, or to perform any labour in their power for a very small recompense. As they do not meet with constant employment, their wages are not sufficient for their maintenance; the soups and bread, distributed at the door of the convents, supply the deficiency.

The Lazzaroni are generally represented as a lazy, licentious, and turbulent set of people; but it is not their general character. Their idleness is evidently the effect of necessity, not of choice. It must proceed from the fault of government, when such a number of stout, active citizens, remain unemployed. So far are they from being licentious and turbulent, that they bear the insolence of the nobility as passively as peasants fixed to the soil. A coxcomb of a Volanti, tricked out in his fantastical dress, or any of the liveried slaves of the great, make no ceremony of treating these poor fellows with all the insolence and insensibility natural to their masters; and for no visible reason, but because he is dressed in lace, and the other in rags. Nothing animates this people to insurrection, but some very pressing and very universal cause, such as a scarcity of bread. Every other grievance they bear as if it were their charter.—*Dr. Moore.*

—

PHANTASMAGORIE.

Since life's but a phantom we know,
As ev'ry sage Don must remark,
My Chapter of Phantoms I'll show,
Without leaving you all in the dark.
Quack-Doctors attack ev'ry ill,
And pretend they can always restore ye;
But if they would show all they kill,
It would make a fine Phantasmagorie.
Sing tol lol, lol, tol, lol, de rol, lol de rol la.
Our beaux in their dresses so spruce,
Look like goblins to their wond'ring beholders;
For finding their heads of no use,
They have sunk them quite into their shoulders.
With each lady my simile's good;
For when fashion so thinly has deck'd her,
Howe'er she be true flesh and blood,
She looks like a tall Castle Spectre.
Sing tol lol, &c.
The phantom of Honour some fled,
And in duels for phantoms will bleed;
But if you get shot thro' the head,
You're a Phantasmagorie indeed.
But a truce about fighting and war,
With bullets no longer I'll bore ye;
Smiling Peace surely's better by far,
And may that prove no Phantasmagorie.
Sing tol lol, &c.
Of Pic-nics the secret you know;
If not I can easy unlock it;
It means that wherever you go,
You carry your fare in your pocket.
In the pocket of every one here,
Who stands with good humour before ye,
May the King's pretty picture appear,
And that is no Phantasmagorie.
Sing tol lol, &c.

—

There is, perhaps, no sentiment which it is so difficult to conceal from the person who is the object of it. A moderate adept in the art of dissimulation, may impose on those for whom he feels no esteem, or whom he even holds in contempt; and, if he has an interest in it, may persuade them that he has a high respect, or even veneration, for them: and this, in some measure, accounts for so many people of the highest rank being ignorant of the true rate at which they are estimated. For the indications of contempt are easily restrained, and those of admiration as easily assumed; but it re-

quires the powers of a finished hypocrite to hide hatred or aversion, and prevent their discovering themselves by some involuntary appearance in the countenance or manner.

—

Difficulties, dangers, misfortunes, often strike at particles of genius which might otherwise have remained latent and useless, and contribute to the formation of a vigorous character, by animating those sparks of virtue which a life of indolence would have completely extinguished.

That the faculties of the understanding, like the sinews of the body, are relaxed by sloth, and strengthened by exercise, nobody will doubt. I imagine the same analogy holds in some degree between the body and the qualities of the heart. Benevolence, pity, and gratitude, are, I suspect, exceedingly apt to stagnate into a calm, sluggish, insensibility in that breast, which has not been agitated from real misfortunes.

There are many exceptions, but in general those persons who are exposed to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, who have experienced the base indifference of mankind, are endued with the truest sympathy.

MERRIMENT.

When Mr. Christopher Atkinson, the *rum* contractor, stood candidate to represent the city of London, the following election squib was handed about:

"The good citizens of London may now raise their heads in *high spirits:* every thing looks *rum*. There has been a *rum* dissolution, and they have got a *rum* candidate, who if elected, will cut a *rum* figure in the next parliament.

This candidate was formerly the *rum* friend of a *rum* minister, and the *rum* quarrel between them, upon the *rum* contract, was perhaps one of the most *rum* jobs and impositions, that ever came before parliament.

Those who vote for this *rum* candidate, must be *rum* livery-men indeed, and have a very *rum* idea of conscience, honour, liberty, and property. I therefore hope that the good citizens will attend to this *rum* hint, from their very humble servant, *a rum Duke*."

—

Sir Joseph Mawbey rising once in the House of Commons to reprobate the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, expressed his astonishment that two men, who had for so many years been in the habit of opposing and reviling each other, should have the confidence to appear in that house as friends—"but such friends, so very dear are they to each other," added he, pointing to a stick which Lord North held in his hand, "that his lordship will not walk without a stick with a *Fox's head* carved on it." On this Lord North instantly rose—"I am sorry, very sorry," said he, "to find that the worthy baronet, who has just sat down, should have spent his life and employed his *great* talents in the study of a subject which it seems he does not yet understand; that he should have passed so many years in the *education of pigs*, and yet should not know a *fox's* head from a *hog's*." His lordship then handed round his cane, on which a pig's head was carved, and the senate was convulsed with laughter.

—

A short time before Mr. Garnerin ascended into the atmosphere with his balloon, a countryman asked Mr. Cumberland if there was any truth in the report that a man was going to fly into the air? "Why truly, my friend, (replied the veteran bard) I cannot justly inform you: for it is a rule with me never to give credit to *inflammatory rumours and flying reports*."

—

Previous to the battle of Culloden, when marshal Wade and the two generals Hawley and Cope, were prevented from advancing so far as they intended into Scotland, by the severity of the weather, the following ludicrous lines written by Mr. Home, the celebrated authour of the Rebellion in 1745, were handed about

among the friends of the opposite party:

"Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade through the snow,
"Nor Hawley haul his cannon to the foe."

—

An Irishman seeing a large quantity of potatoes standing in a market-place, observed to a bystander, "what a fine show of potatoes." "Yes, they are," replied he, "very fine potatoes; I see you have the name quite pat; how do you call them in your country?" "Ah, fait!" returned the Irishman, "we never *call* 'em; when we want any, we go and dig them."

—

A sailor having just received prize-money to some considerable amount, thought he might as well indulge himself with a coach. But as that seemed to him to be doing no more than any body else could do, who had not been equally fortunate, "Egad!" cried he, "I will have a coach for my hat: aye, faith! and one for my stick;" he actually called for two coaches, threw his hat into one, and his stick into the other, and himself rode in a third between them.

—

A man who had a large family, and but very moderate means to support them, was lamenting how difficult it was to make both ends meet, to an acquaintance, of no family, and a large fortune. We should not repine replied his friend, "God never sends mouths but he sends food." "That I do not deny," returned the other, "only permit me to observe, he has sent me the mouths, and you the food."

—

A Nobleman, of not the most brilliant understanding, had appointed to attend some ladies to the observatory at Paris, to hear Cassini make observations on the eclipse of the sun. The toilet having delayed both the ladies and the Marquis, the eclipse was over when they requested admittance. The porter announced the unpleasant news to them: "Never mind, ladies," said the Marquis, "go up; the Sieur Cassini is my intimate friend, and he will, I am sure, begin again, to oblige *me*."

A man reading that a long beard is a sign of an awkward fellow, held a candle while he looked in the glass for his own, which catching his hair burnt the greater part. He immediately wrote at the bottom of the paragraph, "Probatum est."

—

A gentleman observing, some days after the usual limits allowed St. Swithin, it still continued to rain, a bystander said, "He too was astonished, as St. Swithin was dead." "True;" says the other, "so perhaps this is his *legacy*."

—

Lord P——, when a young man, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds; she had seen, and heard, a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-Cross, and entreated him to get it for her: the owner of it was a widow, and Lord P. offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of obtaining the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, went to the house: the mistress usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose and soon after her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house to avoid suspicion, but forbore saying any thing of the bird till about two years after; when taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, "I would have bought that bird of you, but you refused my money for it;" I dare say by this time you are sorry for it. "Indeed, Sir," said the woman, "I am not; nor would I now take any sum for it; for, would you believe it, from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad, and leave us, the dear creature has not *sung a note*."

—

A Gascon officer in the army, speaking loud to one of his comrades, said, as he left him, with an air of importance, "I shall dine with Villars today." Marshal Villars being behind him, said, with much good humour,

"On account of my rank, if not of my merit, call me Mr. Villars." The officer, who did not imagine he was near enough to overhear him, retrieved his manners by the following elegant compliment: "As I never heard any one say *Mr. Cæsar*, I thought it as needless to say *Mr. Villars*."

—

It is well known, as a custom in many churches, that the women are placed in pews on one side, and the men by themselves, opposite. A clergyman, in the middle of his sermon, hearing one of his congregation talk pretty loud, complained of it from the pulpit. A woman immediately rose up, and thinking to defend her own sex, said, "The noise is not on our side, reverend sir." So much the better, my good woman: replied the clergyman, so much the better: it will cease the sooner."

—

A selfconceited coxcomb was introducing an acquaintance to a large company, whose physiognomy was not very prepossessing: thinking to be extremely clever, he thus addressed the company, who rose at his entrance: "I have the honour to introduce to you Mr. ——, who is not so great a fool as he looks to be." The young man immediately added, "Therein consists the difference between my friend and me."

—

Dr. Aldrich's excessive love of smoaking was an entertaining topick of discourse in the university; concerning which the following story, among others, passed current—A young student of the college once finding some difficulty to bring a young gentleman, his chum, into the belief of it, laid him a wager, that the dean was smoaking at that instant, viz. ten o'clock in the morning. Away, therefore, went the student to the deanery, where, being admitted to the dean in his study, he related the occasion of his visit. To which the dean replied, in perfect good humour, "You see you have lost your wager, as I am not smoaking, but merely filling my pipe."

Women are thought to be more fearful than men; the following anecdote sufficiently contradicts the idea. —A young woman had laid a wager she would descend into a vault in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid herself in the vault, and as the girl seized a skull, cried, in a hollow voice, "Leave me my head?" "There it is," said the girl, throwing it down and catching up another. "Leave me my head," said the same voice; "Nay, nay," said the heroick lass, "you cannot have had two heads:" so brought the skull, and won the wager.

—

A courtier playing at piquet, was much teazed by a looker-on who was short-sighted, but had a very long nose, of course, put his face very close to his cards when he made his observations. To get rid of so troublesome a guest, the courtier drew out his handkerchief and applied it to the nose of his officious neighbour. "Ah sir," said he, "I beg your pardon, but I really took it for my own."

—

One day the Count de Soissons was at play, he perceived, in a mirrour that hung before him, a man behind his chair, whose countenance did not prejudice him much in his favour, and resolved to observe him attentively. Very soon after, he felt him cut off the diamond buckle of his hat: he said not a word, but pretending to want something, he turned towards the sharper, and begged him to hold his cards: the other could not refuse him. The count went directly to the kitchen, and procured the sharpest knife he could get, which he hid under his cloak, and entered the room. The sharper, impatient to escape, rose to return the cards, but the Count begged him to continue. In a few minutes after he came softly behind him, seized one of his ears, and cut it off: while holding it out to him, he said, "Here, sir, restore my buckle, and I will restore your ear."

—

A veteran officer solicited a lieutenant-general's commission of Louis

XIV. "I will think of it," replied the king. "I hope your Majesty will make haste," said the officer, half pushing off his wig, "you may see by my grey hairs I have no time to wait."

—

A nobleman taking leave of the French court, whence he was going as ambassadour, the king said to him, "The principal instruction, you require, is, to observe a line of conduct entirely the reverse to that of your predecessour." "Sire," replied he, "I will endeavour so to act, that you shall not have occasion to give *my* successour the like advice."

—

A *cowardly* fellow, much given to *apparent courage*, or boasting, (as most cowards are,) having spoken impertinently to a gentleman, received a violent box on the ear. Summoning his most authoritative tone, he demanded whether that was meant in *earnest*. "Yes sir," replied the other, without hesitation. The coward, thinking he should have frightened him, turned away, saying, "I am glad of it sir, for I do not like such *jests*."

—

A very silly young man who knew a scrap or two of French, and was excessively vain of his accomplishment, accosted a gentleman in the street with "Quelle heure est-il? (i. e. What is it o'clock?) The gentleman replied, in Latin, "Nescio." (i. e. I know not.) "God bless me," said the other, "I did not think it had been so late."

—

A quaker, being interrogated by the late Mr. Wilkes, could not be prevailed on to answer plainly the questions put to him. Wilkes, being naturally irritable, was at length in a violent passion, and *swore* at his prevaricating *friend*. "Dost thou not know," said the quaker, "it is written, swear not at all." "I do not swear at *all*," replied Wilkes, "only at such fellows as you, who will not give a direct answer."

—

The great prince of Conde besieged a town in Spain, called Lerida, and was unsuccessful. At the playhouse one night, he cried out, "take that fellow who is making a noise in the pit, and carry him to prison." "I am not to be taken," said the man, as he was running away, "my name is Lerida."

—

In 1643, Saint Preuil, Governour of Amiens, who expected great success from a stratagem he had invented to retake Arras, wished to engage a man named Courcelles, to be the chief instrument. "I have made choice of you," said he to him one day, "as the most experienced soldier I know, as a principal in an enterprise that will make your fortune. I intend to surprise Arras. You shall disguise yourself as a countryman, and go with a basket of fruit, where after you have been some time, you can take occasion to quarrel with some one, whom you may easily kill with your dagger. Let yourself be taken; they will examine you immediately, and will probably condemn you to be hung. You know that the custom of Arras is to execute criminals out of the town; and there it is my stratagem is to take effect. I will plant an ambuscade near the gate, through which you will, of course, have to pass, which gate my detachment will immediately make themselves masters of, that is, as soon as they see the crowd collected at your execution, and the people's attention consequently drawn aside, lamenting your fate. I will march directly to their assistance, and after having secured the place, will come to your aid, and I hope time enough to save you. That is my plan; what do you say to it?" "It is an excellent one," replied Courcelles, "but the scheme requires some little reflection." "With all my heart," said St. Preuil, "consider of it, and let me know the result of your meditations." Courcelles having sought him the next day, thus accosted him: "Your design appears to me admirable; but I hope you will not be offended if I request to command the ambuscade, and resign to you the honour of being the *principal instrument*."

A *lady* dying, who was much given to scolding her servants, her husband caused an hatchment to be put against his house, under which was the following common motto, "In Cælo quies." The coachman asked the undertaker's apprentice the meaning of these words, and on being informed it was "there is rest in Heaven," answered, "then I am sure mistress be not there."

—

A country gentleman, of the name of Wood, having given some offence to a gang of gypsies, not long after missed six geese from the common before his house. A reward for the apprehension of the thief, was advertised, but without the least effect, till one morning he perceived a little packet hanging to the neck of the gander. Having opened it, he found, to his great mortification, these lines, accompanied with sixpence:

Farmer Wood, Farmer Wood,
Your geese were all good;
You must know we come from yonder:
We have taken six geese,
At a penny a-piece,
And the money we've sent by the gander.

—

When the celebrated Dr. Zimmerman was at the court of Berlin, Frederick II asked him, one day in conversation, if he could ascertain how many he had killed in the course of his practice. "That is an arduous task," replied the doctor, "but I think I may venture to say, not by one half so many as your Majesty."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

From the French of the Compte de Segur.

Oh, Melancholy! misfortune's balm,
Thy languor does a bliss impart;
How I enjoy thy pensive calm
When far from her who fills my heart.

Unhappy he who never knows
The charms of tender, softest grief:
What joy love's silent tear bestows,
What luxury in such relief.

To Tenderness art thou allied;
Daughter of Love, be ever near,
In sweetest sadness by my side,
And I will greet thee with a tear.

Oh! come, and with sweet Fancy's aid
Bestow the joys which now remain,
The features of my cherish'd maid,—
Regrets are mine, and love's dear pain.

When morning blushes in the east,
My sorrows constant wilt thou see;
Come, when the orb of day's at rest,
And still my tears shall witness thee.

To ease my pangs and give relief,
Oh! come, receive my bursting sighs;
Absent from her they charm my grief,
All other pleasure from me flies.

When first my passion Sylvia blest,
Thy pensive form the nymph betray'd,
Rob'd in thy garb, love stood confess'd,
And told me more than smiles had said.

Tortur'd with doubts, distrust and fears,
I ne'er believ'd she loved again,
Till tender sadness, fed with tears,
Told that we felt a mutual pain.

The murmuring of the pebbly tide,
The silence of the forest shade,
The verdant turf in flow'ring pride,
The feather'd musick of the glade;

A thousand pleasures give with thee,
Of faded joys remembrance knows;
For bliss recall'd must pleasure be,
And from the memory pleasure flows.

Then, come, thou soft and tender power,
O often come and be my guest;
The tears you cause to flow each hour
Give sweet sensations to the breast.

Say, can the lover without fears
Enjoy the bliss which love bestows?
And what the wish'd return endears
When the fond swain no absence knows?

Thy charming languor sooths my heart
And adds a bliss before unknown,
Thy tears consoling joys impart,
Congenial to my grief alone.

May lovers bow before thy shrine,
And thou propitious ever be;
Whether a favour'd one is thine,
Or wretched, offers vows to thee.

To Tenderness thou art allied;
Daughter of Love, be ever near,
In sweetest sadness by my side,
And I will greet thee with a tear.

In meek submission to thy pow'r
I yield my life, I give my heart,
Be mine, each melancholy hour,
And ever love's soft balm impart.

MARY.

By the late R. B. Davis. Esqr.

I love to meet the ray of morn,
When Summer's radiance gilds the vale;
While, on angelick pinions borne,
Calm pleasure floats upon the gale.
The smiling morn, the dewy field,
A thousand varied beauties yield:
But lovelier, brighter charms I view
In Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

I've seen the rose and tulip blow,
With many a flower of brilliant dye,
And on the picture's vivid glow
I've dwelt with fascinated eye.
Sweet are the painter's magick powers,
And sweet the tints of opening flowers;
But neither yet could boast a hue
Like Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

The smiles of mirth I love to greet
Among the happy, gay, and fair;
'Tis pleasing then; but far more sweet
To meet my gentle Mary there.
'Twas bliss—'twas rapture—while I prest
The lovely girl to make me blest,
A kind consenting glance I drew
From Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

For The Port Folio.

LANDON'S PRAYER.

I wander'd out, as is my way,
To muse awhile, the other day;
As through the bosom of a wood,
I trac'd the windings of a flood;
Whom should I find but Landon there,
Devoutly kneeling, and at prayer!
At prayer, beneath a spreading oak,
Where words of this import he spoke:

"Father Jove! who reign'st above,
"Save me from the snares of love;
"Save me, Jove, from woman's wiles,
"From her frowns, and from her smiles,
"From her looks, and from her sighs,
"From the lightning of her eyes,
"From her sweet, seducing air,
"From the ringlets of her hair,
"From her anger, and her fears,
"From her 'soul subduing' tears,
"From her soft, endearing blisses,
"From the poison of her kisses,
"From her bosom, and her arms,
"And her whole united charms!
"Grant my prayer, supernal Jove!
"Save me from the snares of love!
"Teach me some celestial art
"To secure a truant heart!

"Likewise, Jove, I must complain,
"Of this long continued rain;
"When the clouds obscure the skies
"All my soul within me dies!
"Therefore, I most humbly pray,
"Save me from a cloudy day!
"Wake the winds, and dry the road,
"Call me from my dull abode!
"Save me from the gloomy dome
"I am doom'd to call my home;
"From the house where Dulness rules
"Sluggish, sordid, moping fools!
"If it seemeth good to thee,
"Waft me o'er the raging sea;
"Cast me on some desert shore
"To revisit men no more:
"Place me with some savage band
"On Arabia's burning sand:
"Place me near the icy pole,
"Where without the least control
"Everlasting winter reigns
"O'er the desolated plains,
"Where the winds forever blow
"O'er the frozen hills of snow;
"There unknowing and unknown,
"Let me ever live alone!
"But, thou great Olympick god,
"Take me from my dull abode!

"Save me from the bustling crowd,
"Grinning, gaping, laughing loud,
"Servile, ignorant and base,
"Stupid, senseless brutal race!
"Changing with the changing wind,
"By no principle confined,
"Ever restless, weak and vain,
"With no other god but gain:
"Therefore, be my claim allowed,
"Save me from the bustling crowd!

"Save me, Jove, from flowing bowls,
"Sad resource of drooping souls!
"O how fleeting are the joys,
"Placed in tempest and in noise.
"Save me from a drunken sot,
"Loathsome as a Hottentot.

"From a dull insensate clod,
"From the glutton and his god.

"Save me from the vixen bold,
"From the slattern and the scold;
"From the monkey and the ape,
"Animals in human shape,
"Hopping, frisking, wriggling train,
"Silly, insolent and vain.

"Save me, as of old was sung,
"From a wicked lying tongue,
"From the tongue no man can tame
"Tipt with Tophet's bluest flame.

"Save me from the stubborn mule,
"From the ever-prating fool,
"From the villain's deadly art,
"From the cold unfeeling heart,
"From the hypocritick race,
"Sons of groaning and grimace.

"From the man who wears disguise,
"From the man too proudly wise,
"From the jest and proverb stale,
"From the oft-repeated tale,
"From the man too good to mend,
"From the semi-demi friend,

"From old *Scraper* and his pelf,
"Sometimes, also, from—myself:
"From these if thou deliver me,
"There's a hecatomb for thee!"
I laughed aloud to hear him pray,
He started up, and fled away;
Well, let him go—the man is mad,
Or something that is quite as bad.
Gods! to myself I laughing said,
How earnestly the fellow prayed—
And such a prayer was never heard,
O! how he gaped at every word!
But why should *he* asperse the fair,
In his ill-natured, whining prayer?
No woman, in her senses, can
Be fool enough to love the man!
To end the whole, the silly elf
Preferr'd a prayer against himself!
Himself!—himself!—'Tis Greek to me.
Lord! what a fool the man must be!

PEREGRINE.

—

For The Port Folio.

ODE TO HOPE.

Altho' unnumber'd ills around me wait
And shades of sorrow *sable* o'er my soul,
Yet, *Hope!* if *thou* but dart a golden beam,
A cheerful brightness overcasts the whole.

Despair and sadness flee before thy face,
Thy smile confounds them and thy art divine!
Whilst gentle peace and joy and sweet content,
With resignation in soft concord join.

What time my *frame*, to dire disease a prey,
Scarce kept the vital spark within my breast;
Thou wert my stay, my solace, and support,
Thy gentle whisper bid my spirit rest.

Thou dost alike all human race befriend,
Thy soothing balm confin'd to none *alone*,
Is offer'd freely to each care-worn heart—
The cottage hind, and fortune's blazing son.

Tho' storms on storms in angry mood arise,
And drive the vessel thro' the foamy deep,
Thy *unctious* pow'r can stay the *swelling wave*,
And sooth old Ocean's billows into *sleep*,

When war horrifick calls aloud to *arms*,
And *death* and *fury* stalk o'er hosts of slain,
Thy aid puissant makes the coward bold,
And adds fresh vigour to declining fame.

All hail thee, then, fair daughter of the sky!
Bright is thy visage, and thy form divine.
Thy wings drop balsam to assuage our cares,
I woo thee, then, at virtue's hallowed shrine.

F. C. C.

TO DELIA,

WITH A DIAMOND RING.

The rude blast of Winter again sweeps the vale,
And nature lays prostrate beneath its chill power,
Tho' dreary the prospect and bleak be the gale,
Yet such were the stern scenes of my natal hour.

Now leafless the forest and mute is the grove,
No Season more genial did fate then impart,
Yet sooth'd as with Spring does my breast glow with love,
Unchill'd by the cold is the warmth of my heart.

Yes, DELIA again has return'd the bless'd day
Which gave me to life's varied scenes and to you,
And while that intruder, old age, is away,
Let us keep the bland prospect of love full in view.

While fools mock the bliss which kind Hymen bestows,
And boast of their freedom from his galling chains,
I feel and can prize all the joys that he knows,
And, conscious, deride the dull dupes for their pains.

Together we'll prove the enjoyments in store,
And share all the sorrows which fall to our lot,
While bless'd by thy smile I shall taste these the more,
And, sure of thy love, will the last be forgot.

The years quick revolving since I call'd thee mine
Have witness'd of love his pure steady flame,
Whose lustre still brilliant, shall never decline,
But thro' each changing scene, unchang'd be the same.

Accept, then, dear girl, this bright jewel, and wear it
For my sake as a pledge of the joys yet to be,
And may some kind genius forever destroy it
When that brighter jewel, love, shines not for me.

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